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for the fourth issue in the 27th Volume of the Omen on October the 27th in 2006, the year of our Lord.

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THE OMEN

STAFF

Layout & Editing

Molly McLeod

Enrique Van Slyke

Victoria Quine

Stephen Morton

Ryan Zellman

Akira Cespedes-Perez

Tara Jacob

B2 Short

Jacob Lefton past

Splinter

Pikachu

Scabbers

Chuck E. Cheese

Micky Mouse

Speedy Gonzales

Stuart Little

The Marvelous Mice of Merrill

The dead one your cat gave you

Submissions are Saturdays before 7 P.M. You can submit in rich text or plain text format by CD, Flash Drive, singing telegram, carrier pigeon, paper airplane, Fed-Ex, Pony Express, semaphore, or email. Get your submissions to Jacob Lefton, Merrill B307, Box 0953, jwl04@hampshire.edu

> omen.hampshire.edu
Front Cover:
Tara Jacob
Back Cover:
Victoria Quine

Lindsay: I'm just an object to you, aren't I?
Jacob: Yes.
-Jacob Lefton on his relationship with women



Volume 27 • Issue 4

October 27th, 2006



• • • Section Lies • • •

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TO SUBMIT:

[by Molly McLeod] I know you're probably asking yourself right now, 'Wait a second, isn't this the spot I usually find a random rambling story by Abby, or a cynical criticism of Hampshire by Jacob?' Well, not this week. Abby and Jacob, your regular OMEN editors are out of town. In Maine. At a gun show. So that means I, the lowly layout editor, get to write the editorial this week. This editorial will consist of interactive elements and random thoughts.

Hampshire Mad Libs!

This morning I went to Saga for breakfast and the food was _____ (adjective). They had my favorite I was so excited, I practically wet my _____ (object of clothing)! I realized I was late for class, so I _____ (verb, ending in ed) out of Saga and _____ (verb, ending in ed) across the quad. I forgot to do the reading, so I felt really _____ (feeling). I took my _____ (noun) out of my backpack, and everyone gave me _____ (adjective) looks. The hipster kid kept talking about _____

POLICY

The Omen is Hampshire's longest-running bi-monthly publication, established by Stephanie Cole and Scott Tundermann in December of 1992. In the past, submissions have included students' perspectives on the campus, administration, news, movie reviews, commentary, short fiction, satire, firstborn artwork, comics, and the occasional embarrassing self-promotion.

Everything the Omen receives, provided it is sent from a member of the Hampshire community, will be published unless it is deemed libelous or defamatory. Although we find such things amusing and entertaining for countless hours, it is just not an option in this forum. Libel will be considered clearly false or unsupportable writing that maliciously damages a person's reputation.



This is what happens to your room if you play hokey pokey from Omen Layout.

_____ (pretentious topic), while the hippie kid kept trying to change the subject to _____ (hippie cause). After class, I ran into a group of people on the lawn trying to smoke _____ (noun) out of a _____ (noun). On my way to the post office, I ran into a group

of _____ (adjective) film students shooting a _____ (film genre) flick about Vampires, _____ s (noun), and _____ (social cause). I went into the mail room and someone was putting up posters for _____

(Hampshire event) that afternoon, and I decided to go to it. When I got there, there were a bunch of people in a heated debate about _____ (famous author). I didn't understand what they were talking about, but I kept hearing the phrase "choose one: postmodernist, imperialist, ethnographic, choose one: discourse, dichotomy, dialectic".

You know those test questions that are supposed evaluate your logic and intelligence? "If all doohickybobs are thingamawhatists, but half of thingamawhatists are doodlebugs on Tuesdays, and doodlebugs only tell the truth when they have three antenna and fozzienomks are chronic liars, which one of these things is a widgetmobile?" Yeah. I secretly enjoyed those when I was a kid.



THE OFFICIAL OMEN HAWK

Views in the Omen (5)

Do not necessarily (7)

Reflect the staff's views (5)





SECTION HATE

We hate so
you don't
have to.

It all started Friday night, at around 10:30pm. My friends and I were hanging out, having a good time, you know, getting ready to dance the night away. We all got into the car and went to a Pub; supposedly they were going to play great music that night. It was an over 18 thing, so we all had to show our ID's. I'm proud to say that I'm a sub-free (for real, not just in my dorm), so I didn't really care what the drinking age is in Massachusetts. I found out it was 21 that night...the hard way. As soon as the guy in the door saw my ID, he cordially asked for my hands. I thought he was going to put a colored bracelet in my wrist, like all places do... but he didn't. He got a permanent marker, and drew two huge black X's in the back of both of my hands!! I felt raped! I felt violated! You know how many times a day I wash my hands so that this bum would just go and ruin my beautiful Purell-ed hands? As all of you would expect, I started complaining about the X's. It turns out that to prevent under-age drinking, there are a bunch of places that draw the damn X's of you're under 21.

As an honest person, it is my duty to tell you the truth and nothing but the truth. I come from the party (and therefore dancing and drinking) capital of the world: Puerto Rico. I have NEVER seen such act of disrespect as drawing black X's in people's hand. Back home we simply use different colored bracelets. How stupid can



Fucking Facebook!

Everybody knows that I have the best name in the world. Akira. That's right:

Akira. How more bad-ass can you get? It's Japanese for full of wisdom.

Honestly, it's the best name in the world. Until I discovered facebook. A friend decided to show me the wonders of facebook. According to her, I didn't know what I was missing. For those incompetents that don't know how to use Facebook, the online community has a feature in which you can search for people. About two weeks ago, my friends decided to create an account for me.

Naturally, I decided to look for

my profile so my friend could add me to her "friends list". I typed "Akira" on the search bar. Since

I have such a unique, exotic, and beautiful name, I didn't have to put my last name.

My day turned sour when the search results were in. There were a 288, 465, 674, 278, 276, 498, 331 Akira's!!!!!! My world was crushed!!! How could so many people have my name!! It's MY name!! Damn you facebook, damn you!!!

Dear reader, I just want to leave you with a simple thought. If you think you have anything in you that is special... don't join facebook. You'll only be disappointed.



Scarred

(Scarred cont.)

the bartender be? Can't he notice the bracelets? Unless he's color blind (and I doubt every single one of them is), he has no excuse! He could just check the color of your damn bracelet! Why can't he look at my wrist?! Check the damn color!! Is it so hard to see the color of the damn BRA-CE-LET?!?!

...Give me a minute to catch my breath here...

Ok... now that I got that out of my chest, I would like to let you know that it took me 5 hours to get rid of the damn X's, and that was after all the dancing I did that night. In retrospect, the whole concept is not a bad idea at all. It's actually a pretty good technique... I just hate it when people draw on me without my consent.



An Open Letter To Those Who Are Discontent

Today I awoke to find all of my brothers and sisters blinded by the world that we live in. They were enslaved; their world shackled to the land that our fathers and mothers have raped. They were absent of the desire to be free. So who am I to persuade them that there's a better way of life? Who am I to suggest that the world we have confined ourselves in is simply not enough? The possibility that there is so much more to be desired is relentless - and that vision is possible, that vision lays deep within us. Because I do not buy the argument that humans are born greedy. The perception that our "human nature" has us overwhelmed with self-gratifying tendencies is nothing more than a myth meant to lead us down the continuous path of which we were born into. But this culture that spawns the idea of a body and mind rooted into the poison soil of a self-centered realm is escapable. Because, I ask you, dear reader, whom would you sacrifice for? Would you not give up your own needs to save a friend, for a family member, for one that you love? Our nature is not inherently evil. Our nature is what we make of it. We can overcome these boundaries that have been fenced along into the deepest etches of our minds.

That is why I humbly suggest that we must take action now. The world is quickly slipping from our grasps. It is impossible for us to maintain this steady climb into insanity that our societies are reaching for. For quite some time, tyrants - with the intent to force their ugly hands around a leash that holds our humanity - have consistently dominated the world. If we do not cut this leash now, I honestly fear that we may come to a point where it is impossible for us to separate ourselves into individual identities and we will be nothing more than tools made of flesh for the elite that run this globe. The tyrants that have dominated our histories have come to a new point where they recognize that without tight rule of their people, they will lose their control

(continued on next page)

Goodbye Sister Disco
My dancing's left you
behind.



Open Letter, Continued

(from previous page)

either to the people or other tyrants. In an era dominated with nuclear arsenals and a race to form institutions of armies hell-bent on the creation of massive destruction institutions, a world of absolute submission is battling our ability of (and desire for) free will. Before long, it is very probable that we will lose our capacity to dissent and form alternative societies.

In recent years, our most debilitating disease has been our apathy. This generation has been spawned into a consumer frenzy whirlpool that drags our ability to recognize our strengths away. The politicians and the media emphasize that we vote to make our voice heard; they wish us to believe that is our strongest tool to make a change. The reason behind this wish is the fact that we are consistently voting for a structure that enables the politics of property and cash to flourish and to leave the ideas of human integrity and life behind. The voting system tricks us into accepting a politician's rule over us. Our votes are not even the determining factor, as the Electoral College is the final stage and can easily turn over a decision reached by the majority. Even with that, it must be recognized that politicians are inherently the same. There are, of course, differences between them that they would hope you would focus on – but the fact is that

each politician in the two-party system has a set rule of beliefs that they adhere by. They focus on each difference as if they were the only changes that needed to be made.

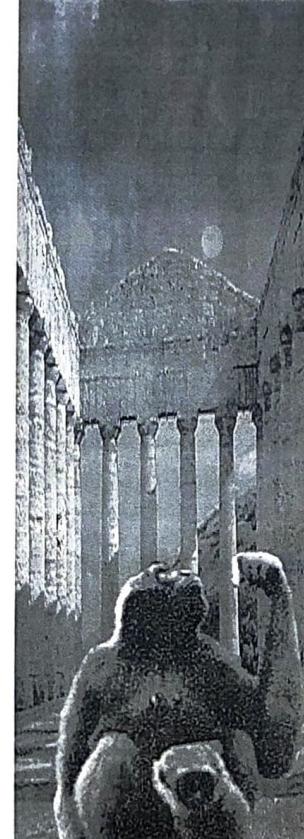
I do not believe that we can any longer wait for changes to be made through passive resistance. We constantly convince ourselves that all we can do to create change is vote, donate money to causes, join a state-approved protest, or a list of other forms of "resistance" that the powers-that-be smile upon. We are constantly taught a blurred history where passive resistance and patience through time has caused dramatic change. The textbooks and the schools do not teach us of the true Martin Luther King Jr., of the true nature of India's expulsion of British occupiers, of the true methods behind scores of battles against unjust institutions. We have come to accept this all. We accept that if we donate to one major corporation supposedly battling an "unjust nature of the world", we have done our part to struggle in solidarity.

For those interested in informing/developing/participating in said group/community, please contact Brian Van Slyke at Merrill C104, or email bdo06@hampshire.edu, or whatever way fits you best. This community/group would strive to have more than A-dimensional and single results, in the sense that it would form a self-sustaining and adapting community that would serve to better those less well off and spread information, while battling institutions that need to be fought. Discussion on planning of the development of this group, what its strategies/goals would be, and etc. is extremely welcomed.



truly challenge them. For us to succeed in developing a world outside of the tyrants, we must form a community that battles for means on the small scale, the large scale, and everywhere in-between. If there's no time to battle the forces that control us now, there never will be. We must use direct action, we must feed and clothe those less well off, we must hold non-state sponsored protests, we must battle the institutions from the inside and out, we must use the resources we can acquire, we must vastly spread the information that we hold, we must build communities, we must do everything within our will, and we must challenge ourselves.

SECTION SPEAK



News, Commentary,
Announcements,
Propaganda,
Editorials.

- Molly McLeod



Things I Think Jacob Lefton Was In Past Lives

Jesus
A Buddhist monk
A domesticated kitten
Jacob Lefton version 1.0
Cher
That girl from "The Exorcist"
A middle school guidance counselor
Buzz Armstrong
One of the wild things from Where the Wild Things Are
A rock
Ralph, the friendly neighborhood raptor
A zombie
Medusa

- Victoria Quine

A Series of Fortunate Events, by Lemony Snicket

The Stupendous School
The Rad Room
The Bodacious Bathroom
The Great Gazebo
The Pretty Park

- Molly McLeod

Encyclopedia Brown Books that Were Never Written (but should be)

the Case of the Neighborhood Pedophile
the Case of the Sexy Schoolteacher
the Case of the Heinous Hangover
the Case of the Naughty Nurse
the Case of the Back Alley Abortion
the Case of the Black Plague
the Case of the MySpace Molester
the Case of the Testicular Cancer
the Case of Your Mom
the Case of the Terrible Terrorists
the Case of the Racial Profiling Disaster

[by Omen Staff]
Wikipedia articles longer than "Christ (the Divine Person)"
Chocolate
Ethiopia
Pikachu
Tyrannosaurus Rex
Toilets in Japan
Retreat of Glaciers since 1850
Microsoft Data Access Components
Jesus Christ, Superstar

- Molly McLeod

A Bunch of Super Lists!

Veridian Village

There's a lot of misinformation going around about the housing development, called Veridian Village, that Hampshire's decided to build. I don't claim to be an exhaustive source of information on this, but I thought I'd address a what I can.

right now, be a bad idea, and solve no problems. It would, in fact, create more. If new student residences were built, Hampshire would then be capable of housing more students than its academic structure could support.

The housing issue needs to be resolved, instead, at the level of admissions, and it's not a problem easily solved. Hampshire, due to its financial situation, cannot afford to under-enroll. Admissions doesn't want to accept too few students. Furthermore, there is only a proportional relation between number of accepted students and the number of students who actually come. Admissions can control the number of accepted students, but they cannot tell exactly how many of these will confirm their acceptance. They can only estimate, based on previous years and current trends. In recent years, the percentage of students who confirm their enrollment has been increasing.

Admissions is placed in a difficult position here. Over-enrollment is obviously a problem. The housing crunch is felt by students, and generates resentment. It is, however, a manageable problem as the year goes on. Under-enrollment, on the other hand, cannot be addressed until the following semester, and means less money for the school. This, whether you agree with it or not, is seen as a larger problem by the administration

and admissions, and avoided at the cost of over-enrollment.

Now, there's obviously a need for improvement here. Admission percentages will continue to be tuned to new trends in enrollment, but a perfect solution is impossible.

All this said, there's some really interesting components to Veridian Village, called the programmatic component. This serves to promote interaction and intergenerational learning between Hampshire and the residents of the village. From the FAQ:

Homeowners at Veridian Village will be able to participate in a variety of campus activities. These activities include auditing certain classes free of charge; using campus facilities, including the library, pool, outdoor tennis courts, and indoor track; attending social, academic, and cultural events; taking part in activities at the Hampshire Farm Center such as Hampshire's community supported agriculture program. We expect that the links between the college and the new community will grow and evolve over time.

This has the potential to produce an interesting and unique community. I'm not sure that it will work entirely, but I think that if it does it'll be a really

positive thing. A lot depends on who moves into the development. Again from the FAQ:

Anyone is invited to join this community. When we surveyed potentially interested people, many members of the Five College community—including alumni and

faculty—responded with a high level of interest. So we expect that alumni and faculty from the Five Colleges, along with others who share similar interests, will be a part of this community. The central location of Veridian Village at Hampshire College will allow alumni of all the Five Colleges to maintain and strengthen their ties to their respective alma maters.

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This seems reasonable to me, but the actual dynamics of this are very much a wait and see sort of thing. I'm optimistic.

You can read the full FAQ at <http://www.hampshire.edu/cms/index.php?id=9341>



I lost THE GAME in Ancient Ireland.

The Game is more than a game, it is a remarkable institution on its own which encourages a universal honesty that cannot be broken, the likes of which I have not found since "the pinkie swear". However, I have recently found it tainted and abused, and I feel that it may become necessary to take action to secure its sacredness.

I propose an amendment to The Game. If it's written down and you see it, you DON'T lose The Game.

When written, only the person who wrote "The Game" (in any form) was thinking about The Game, so the writer lost. My logic behind this is that in the situation in which you are with someone who announces "I just lost The Game," it is not assumed that because you heard the statement, you too lost.

Losing is not contagious. Having written "The Game" somewhere simply means that the writer is advertising his or her loss-age of The Game. Having read the words "The

thirty minutes or until death.

Should the individual die from the floggings, his or her body shall be displayed publicly with "loser" cut into his or her face. Additionally, if someone says "you lost The Game" before you have, in fact, lost The Game, you don't lose, the other person does. One cannot hand out lose cards in The Game because there is no God in The Game. Likewise, if you have powers of telepathy and you abuse them such that an individual is forced to think about and consequently lose The Game, you still lost. Doing it as a prank is fine, provided you fess up to having lost The Game soon after and in earshot of the victim.

I can only help but hope that with my new proposed amendments, The Game will retain the purity and innocence that it deserves, and will break free of the chains of corruption that have been slowly overtaking it.



[by Victoria Quine]

[by Victoria Quine]

David's Wisdom Nook

A Regular Advice Column by David Mansfield

[by David Mansfield] David Mansfield is the author of four self-help books: *Babies Don't Like Everyone*, *Finding Connections In A Reclusive Society*, *Making Marriages Last*, and *The Great Big Book of Trains*. He lives in Massachusetts, where he teaches psychology and bow staff combat at Hampshire College. He has a wife and three kids. He is very nice and you can all relate to him. If you have a question for David, you can email it to him at dpm06@Hampshire.edu.

David,

I am a 26-year-old woman who has just married the man of her dreams. We are completely in love, and I have no doubt that things will stay that way. Everything is going great. Well, not everything. Whenever the subject of kids comes up he finds some excuse to talk about something else. When we were dating we both agreed that we wanted to have kids, but I think it's fairly obvious that he doesn't want to anymore. What should I do? I love him and can't live without him, but I have dreamed of being a mother my whole life. Is a compromise possible?

Hoping Immensely For A Baby Or Two

Dear HIFABOT,

You'd be surprised by the number of letters I get on this subject. I'm sorry that you have to join the ranks of women with husbands who

don't share their feelings on children.

As hard as it is, don't forget to look at it from his point of view. You seem fairly certain that he wanted kids before, but has changed his mind. Despite what he may have wanted when you first talked about it, the reality of the situation can be extremely terrifying for a first-time husband and father. While you don't share this anxiety, you must give him time to adapt to the idea and respect his fear. Many men are simply afraid of babies. You and I both know that they are harmless, but that's just nature's mothering instinct getting in the way of common sense. Think of it from your husband's point of view: babies are way too small and have grossly oversized and misshapen heads. They

have no teeth. Their legs are lumpy and useless, like a pair of long, squishy yams. They have poor arm control and their hair, if they have any, is stringy and thin, like that of a balding old man. Sure, they're attractive to a mother, but to a normal man they are visually and morally insulting caricatures of the human body. Most people know that babies don't actually crawl out of their cribs at night and feed on the unsuspecting, but don't just assume that your husband was ever given "the baby talk." You could be seeing wishy-washiness where in reality there is a genuine fear that when he holds a baby it will quickly burrow into his ribcage and messily devour his muscles and soft tissue while he is still alive. Where you

see a helpless, adorable human being, your husband could see a perfectly evolved, streamlined killing machine. You see the future, he sees a shriveled gargoyle that will lay eggs along his spinal column so that its young can grow fat on the sweet nectar of his spinal fluid once they hatch.

You may think it is silly, HIFABOT, but this is a serious fear that your husband needs to overcome if you want your marriage to grow into a family. Instead of pressuring him, try sitting him down at the table and talking to him. Tell him that yes, babies are scary, but not as scary as he thinks. There's no guarantee that you can change his mind, but your best hope lies in gently showing him that his fears are unfounded.

Good luck!

David,

I'm an 18-year-old female freshman in college. So far I have adjusted well and made many new friends who I spend lots of time with. However, my social situation isn't all good. During the first week of school I met a guy my age and we talked for a few hours at a party. He's an okay guy, but he has feelings for me and I don't for him. This wouldn't be an issue if he weren't so persistent, but his continued advances are making me uncomfortable, and grow more blatant each time I don't respond. I don't want to be mean to him, but I do want him to stop bothering me.

What should I do?

Not Interested In Him

Dear NIIH,

First off, NIIH, you show a great deal of maturity and compassion in not wanting to hurt this boy's feelings, aggravating though he may be. It is often extremely difficult to balance one's own emotions with those of others, especially when one of the others is continually trying to jump off his side of the scale and onto yours. Anyone who has ever seen science in action would know that this would upset the balance. It's like those pictures from when you were a kid, where a brontosaurus is on one side of a giant scale and 400 elephants are on the other to show how much the dinosaur weighed. Everyone knows that if this were set up in real life, the brontosaurus would try to run over to eat the elephants, and all creatures involved would crash to their deaths on the giant table below. You need to find some way to "restrain" the brontosaurus, if you will. If you ignore him, he will just think you have grown docile and sluggish with "elephant food," ripe for the killing. If you try to tell him that he needs to stay on his side, he might grab your "trunk" and choke on it. What a dilemma!

Metaphors aside, there are ways to subtly convey the message that he should look elsewhere. One method is constantly telling him how hot other boys are. This will give him a nice, warm, "jealous" feeling, which will cause him to forget about you and go work out to make himself better than the competition. It is clinically proven that rigorous exercise releases

endorphines, which will actually make him feel better rather than hurt his feelings. Being fit will also increase his self-esteem, and as a result he will begin targeting girls far more attractive than you. Before you know it, he will be out of your hair! And don't worry, he will probably "leave" some of his metaphorical "weights" on his side of the "scale," so you won't "have" to "worry" about the "balance" being disrupted!

Hope this helps!

David,

I am a happy mother of two wonderful boys, one 8 and the other 4. We have a very tight-knit family and they have always gotten along swimmingly until recently. Nothing specific seems to have triggered it, but they now fight constantly! The younger of the two, who has always been very sweet, harasses his older brother to no end. The older son retaliates with equally unacceptable brutality, and they have even had several physical fights recently. I am becoming seriously worried. Is this normal? Help!

Loving Mother Of Warring Sons

Dear LMOWS,

Good news! While this kind of behavior is frightening and annoying, it is a stage that most brothers go through at some point during childhood. If anything, you should be relieved that your children are indeed human, as the desire to be the dominant brother is a unique trait wired into the human brain.

There are several explanations for this conflict. The first is that your

8-year-old son, whom I shall hereby refer to as Thurman, has been your only child for his whole life. Sure, Nancy (the other son) has been around, but until about this age he was more of a baby than a legitimate threat to Thurman's place in the household. And no, you can't breed this behavior out of your children, if you were wondering. They will just be confused and emotionally damaged if you try. We see a similar connection in the natural relationship between iguanas and dogs. Regardless of an individual iguana's experience, if it sees any kind of dog its natural response will be to get in a defensive position and whip its tail at the dog. No one is sure why, but it is an inherent part of the iguana brain. I guess my point is that if you are getting an iguana, you can't keep it in the same cage as your dog, which is unfortunately what most people want to do.

You should provide both a warm basking area (about 92 degrees F) and a cooler area (about 80 degrees F) for your iguana. You will need both a basking light and a UVB light in the enclosure where your iguana lives. The life span of an iguana is based heavily on the quality of its diet, so make sure you feed it a balanced diet of dandelion greens, parsnips, mustard greens, spaghetti squash, dried figs, green beans, and papaya 2-3 times per week.

Good luck with your new pet!



An Open Letter Concerning EMT Pay

To Whom It May Concern:
As an Emergency Medical Technician on Hampshire's EMS squad and a student worker I have been disturbed by the recent moves to significantly alter the pay structure of the group. From conversations with other EMTs I have found that I am not alone in some of my concerns.

First, as a health care professional, is concern that the idea of not running EMTs 24 hours a day on campus would be devastating- to both students and campus health overall. The reliability of the EMTs has always been an important aspect of the service we provide. It should also be recognized that we provide services that Health Services is not prepared to take over. It seems obvious that a 24 hour 7 day a week Emergency Medical Service is vital to the health of our campus. It would be a major liability for the school to not support this service as much as possible.

The second issue, which I fear has not been sufficiently addressed is a labor issue. The ideas of cutting A packs during the day, or making them volunteer during the day, or changing the way we are payed (To less than minimum wage per hour) are all unacceptable. I understand that there are budget problems. I do not understand why they were not dealt

with before now. The law changing minimum wage was passed in June. I know the budgets were created before this law was passed. However, it seems like their could have been alterations or compromises made in the budget over the summer in light of the new situation. Months have gone by when issues of paying student workers could have been addressed, but it seems that it has come down to the last minute. It is not just or right to disadvantage student workers because of failures

**“...The idea
of not running
EMTs 24 hours
a day on campus
would be
devestating...”**

of the administration and others to address this problem in a timely manner.

In fact, had this situation been brought to the attention of the EMTs earlier in the semester many problems might have been avoided. We just hired a bunch of new EMTs, which might not have made sense if we had known that hours or pay were to be cut. For that matter, some of the new EMTs would not have joined if they

had known their pay and hours would be cut. This is the bed that the school has created and now they must lay in it.

The problem with changing the amount that EMTs are payed is that many students came into the situation with an expectation for the amount of money this job would provide them. EMTs have quit other jobs they had because of this job. To drastically alter the amount they are paid would show indifference towards the needs and rights of student workers.

Yes, other squads do operate voluntarily. However, the members of those squads know this going in. Even if some shifts are the only ones that are volunteer, pressure will be unfairly placed on all workers to volunteer their time- while some may not be able to afford it. Forcing the squad to turn partially or fully to a volunteer organization would seem to take advantage of the enthusiasm and dedication of the EMTs. Health professionals often end up ignoring their needs and rights as workers because of their passion and sense of responsibility for the task at hand. Hampshire should not parasitically abuse the goodwill of EMTs.

Another point that ought not be ignored is the financial commitment that student EMTs make just to get the job. EMT courses require around 120

hours of class time and cost around 500 dollars. This does not include the cost of the state tests, books, and supplies (another couple hundred dollars). EMTs must also find ways to get continuing education, to recertify in CPR and other skills, all of which take time and often cost money. EMTs have weekly meetings, volunteer organizational positions, boot camps- lots of time commitments for which we are already not paid. Why would students who take the time and money to gain special skills through training be treated and paid worse than students whose jobs required no special training?

It is well known that Hampshire as an institution does not have a ton of money to throw around. However, this does not justify treating the people who work at Hampshire badly. The raising of the minimum wage signifies an acknowledgment by the State that workers deserve to be paid more. Hampshire sets a very bad example if its reaction to this new legislation is attempts to find ways around it- ways to not pay student workers what the State has declared they deserve. Labor issues involving the working student body have not to my knowledge become antagonistic. There has not previously been seen a mass need for much organizing in this area. The day may come when Hampshire student workers must organize to be treated fairly and justly. It is certainly not out of the question, especially if the administration takes out its own financial problems on the working student body.

There might be loopholes which

could be used to lessen the pay of the EMTs, but these ignore the pressure, responsibility, and dedication of these workers. The idea of paying EMTs half-time was rejected after a legal situation at another college. The idea of paying EMTs less than minimum wage per hour when they are on call and not at a call ignores the stipulations of being on call. An EMT on call must be in uniform (not in the shower, not in the swimming pool), be on campus

**“The school
needs to
recognize EMTs
(and other
student workers)
as workers.”**

(not the red barn or multi-sport), be near their bike and pack, and be sober. There is also a change in mental state when on call. I know that personally I do not really relax when on call, I am always listening for the *dooooo-doooo* of the radio. EMTs on call throw their schedules to the wind, as calls do not care what they are interrupting. There is a lot of responsibility and liability involved in being an EMT, which should be taken into consideration.

The school needs to recognize EMTs (and other student workers) as workers. We are employees, and as such have certain rights. The state of Massachusetts has decided that part of this is the right to more money per hour of work. The school will be doing the EMTs and the school's reputation

great disservice if it chooses to ignore this opportunity to treat workers more justly. The arguments for not paying workers more are almost always related to the idea that the company cannot afford to do so (as in maquiladoras). Workers are forced between a rock and a hard place, either having to accept low pay or see their jobs go to someone else who will accept the lower pay. If Hampshire chooses to follow in the footsteps of such corporations and practices it would be sacrificing some of the ideals and morals of the student body and the institution's history. Yes, there is a budget crisis. But I do not think that cutting EMT pay or hours is the right way to deal with the problem.

Hampshire has an opportunity to set an example in the way that it treats the EMTs and other campus student workers in this moment of change and crisis. I hope that you choose to set a good example.

I would welcome any criticism, comment, or conversations you have to offer.

Mo Karn
Box 864
Mmk04@hampshire.edu
804 300 0023



'Culture of Safety' at Hampshire College

Recently, 'safety' has been a prime topic taking the forefront at Hampshire. The latest discussion of safety centers around Hampshire Halloween. Unfortunately this essay will be published after the safety talk this Thursday, but the topics are, in my opinion, extremely relevant.

Safety at Hampshire Halloween is taking several forms: Over the past four years, the number of tickets allotted to each student has gone down from twelve to ten to seven to four. This year, an entrance fee of five dollars has been added, Public Safety reserves the right to turn people away even after they've paid, Faculty and Staff are being invited, children get in free, and both Hampshire students and guests need to wear wrist bands. Roads, trees, and even academics have been affected by talks about safety.

I met a man whose living is clowning for children at birthday parties and other events. I asked how it was, and he said that before September 11th, it was great, but afterward it became really difficult. People simply stopped spending as much money on entertainment. They became more wary of strangers. They stopped having as much fun. Whether from the event itself or the politicking and policies that came after, his customers were affected by this 'culture of safety' that has taken hold of our country.

In a 'culture of safety,' I mean a political culture in which 'safety' is a

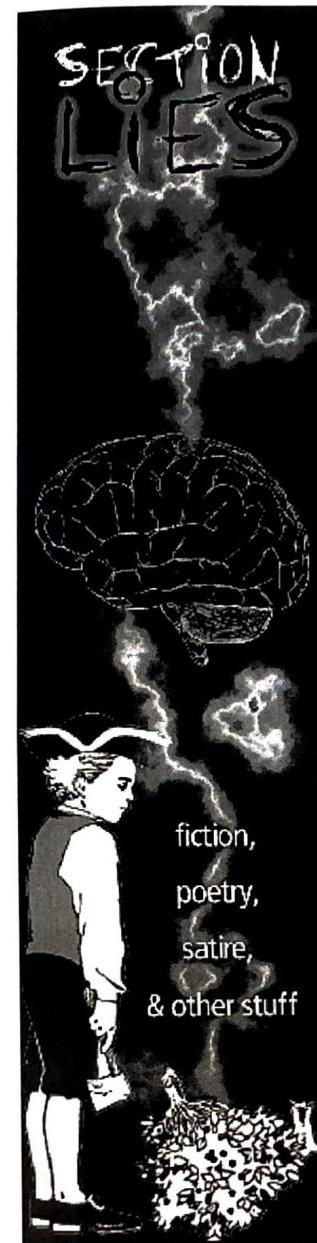
blank check to get things done. Think along the lines of the rhetoric of the current administration. Safety is what gets bills like the PATRIOT Acts I and II, the Military Commission Act, and the pro-torture bill passed. It's what allows for people to think NSA wiretapping can happen or wars can get started – it's all in the name of safety.

Obviously, I have opinions on these changes. That's not the real point of this essay though. I want to get Hampshire to re-examine its use of safety. Many of these policy changes are happening quickly with very little review before or after. Is anyone doing surveys to see if the changes actually are making campus safer? Will we be able to say that there were statistically fewer accidents on campus after the speed bumps and one-way road were added?

We pat ourselves on the back for bringing diverse opinions to the table in discussions here, but I think we fail at that when it comes to issues surrounding safety. Perhaps changes made in the name of safety are for the better. However, not all of them can be. I urge the community to re-examine how it uses the word safety. Is it a free ticket to getting things done? Are we approaching these discussions from all the important sides? I think not.



somewhere else to lower attacks. It went far beyond the intention though, taking out trees that won't grow back anytime soon. It destroyed the sound barrier around various living spaces. It turned the wooded areas on campus into sparsely-vegetated desolate zones.



Madam Estefania's Guide to Mystical Readings

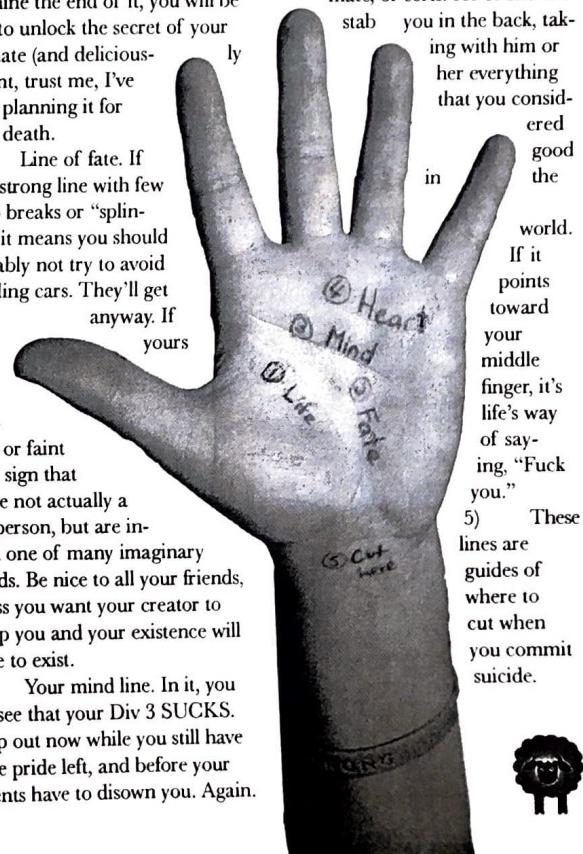
1) This is your lifeline. The bit toward your index finger indicates the beginning of your life when you were just a pitiful loser with no back hair or friends. The bit toward the bottom of your hand is the later part of your life, when you'll be just a pitiful loser with no friends, but lots of back hair. If you closely examine the end of it, you will be able to unlock the secret of your ultimate (and deliciously violent, trust me, I've been planning it for ages) death.

2) Line of fate. If it's a strong line with few or no breaks or "splinters" it means you should probably not try to avoid speeding cars. They'll get you anyway. If yours is

splintered or faint it is a sign that

you're not actually a real person, but are instead one of many imaginary friends. Be nice to all your friends, unless you want your creator to dump you and your existence will cease to exist.

3) Your mind line. In it, you will see that your Div 3 SUCKS. Drop out now while you still have some pride left, and before your parents have to disown you. Again.



Looking for something that's probably not there: A bedtime story by Catwoman

It was the first time I'd gone back. I stood in front of Penn Station. I got on a train to that horrible town on Long Island. I passed Woodside, I passed Bayside, I passed Hobo Gardens and bright blue signs in Korean. The last stop was my stop.

The doors opened to the dark yellow lighting of a deserted train platform spilling roughly a hundred people into the familiarity of home. I was

lost in a hometown I hadn't seen in a long, long while. A vaguely familiar face walked by, but I couldn't remember who they were. I averted my eyes, fearing the pit of nostalgia that comes to most people at times like these. I walked down a flight of stairs until I made contact with Main Street.

Have you ever seen an 80s film flashback montage? That didn't happen to me either. Everything just felt typical, like I'd never left this stagnant hole of a place. A Mercedes drove by. Then a BMW. Was that a Renault? I guessed some things had changed.

The Walker slumped by. I started to convince myself that this was a stage set made to confuse me into a reality where the standard people I'd seen every day of my life were walking by intentionally at the exact moment I'd gotten off the train. I looked at the corner by Starbucks. There were no sloppy looking kids with guitars sitting on the curb. I looked at Dunkin' Donuts - we always chose to sit in front of the silliest places- nothing. I guess it was Bad Ass to be seen in front of corporate food chains.

I spent the weekend living in terms

of hours, not days. I met my sister at my mother's house. We rang the doorbell and hid under the paranoid "look out window" we knew ma would check before she opened the door. An unidentifiable woman peered out of the curtains. She walked over to the doorway and yelled "all right John, I know it's you!" My sister and I giggled a little bit, then came into the flickering yellow light. Damned nostalgia found me right when I wasn't paying attention. Who was this woman in the red and black jogging suit?

I didn't know time could do that to a person. I didn't know sadness could do that to a person. Unrecognizable.

It took me six months to go back there again. Then I found myself going back every two months if I could. Each time clarity came to me and exposed some buried memory or another. I could almost hear echoing voices as I walked past the broke down symbols of my childhood.

It was fall break and I took a train down to that old town once again. It was the weekend of my sister's twenty-first birthday. We went to a pub called "Lennon's." She ordered a cranberry vodka cocktail with lime. There were friends waiting on barstools beckoning us to relive the old days when the town was alive to us. It's funny how we all silently acknowledge that the place is on its last leg. I think it's always been this way, but we're no longer mystified the way we were as kids.

Disillusionment creeps in the shadows of every corner, luring our inner child with poisoned halloween

candy. Ma used to warn us all the time about that. October will always remain in my head as the month of nightstalkers and creepy pedophiles.

A younger man stood near the bartender laughing about something. He looked harrowed but his eyes burned with an unexplainable light. With a few drinks in me, combined with the dismal lighting of the pub, I realized this man was god. I scratched my head and gave him a coy smile. Little Red Corvette played from the jukebox.

Suddenly I was standing outside alone with god. We talked for a little bit and chain smoked into oblivion. Then we were kissing madly against a brick wall.

Somewhere in the mad rush I burned my hand on my cig and let it drop to the ground. I asked god what his full name was and how old he was. I asked him if he had clindia. He took my hand and led me on a pilgrimage to an alleyway that leaked out onto Main Street. We fucked like dogs. I watched cars drive by in that damned yellow light. He told me to rub my tits. I bit his neck. I screamed "god, god, god, god, ggggooooo." The yellow light turned into a halo over his baseball capped head. Somewhere in the scuffle the hat flew off revealing a receding hair line and I realized I had made a mistake. The halo vanished. He came. I didn't receive a divine epiphany.

I left my hometown running. Maybe next time I will have better luck finding what it is I am looking for. Turn to god.



[by Dawn]

Scream My Name: Lenin
BiWM Facist dicator ISO sexy femme TV for quirky, kinky fun. Alcohol & drugs ok, clean & indescret. #850254

Secrets of Anal Love?
50 yr old WM seeks younger man (17-21) for cyber and bottoms. Well hung a must: only respond if 7.5+ in.

Best Head You've Ever Had
SBF loves giving head while her kids watch. Must be ok with fondling children at the same time: multi-taskers a plus.

Masturbating for Jesus
Masturbating is dirty and unnatural, unless you have thoughts of our savior in your mind. Self-pleasure should be an act that glorifies God and hails our Messiah. ISO other deeply religious brothers and sisters to join me in my jacking circle immediately following Sunday's noon service. #837104

Looking For Cock Punches
I want to be punched in the jewels until I scream like a little girl. M seeks TV, TS. #480366

You've Got the Goods
...And I've got the herpes. Let's fuck, using my open sores for lube. All responses will be answered. No gender

Curious Fucker
Read the Omen several weeks ago, saw article on "Sex Tips 101". Hoping to try a few things. BiM ISO flexible BiF. Clean and discreet, my place or yours.

preference. M ISO all. #254825

Looking For New Orifices to Cum In
Middle aged M bored with cunt and ass. Are you creative? Flexible? Call. Tall, blond. Discreet a must. #957251

Jingle Balls
SW ISO older (60+) M. I want to act out a holiday fantasy where you're dressed up like Rudolph the Red Nosed Reindeer and I'm Santa Claus with a strap on. Let's make it a white Christmas. #184026

First Time
SWM, skinny, tall ISO SF. I'm a virgin and I want to get head while playing my beloved video games. Clean, NS, D&D (and D&D), ND, I will brag to my friends over World of Warcraft. #672891

Can't Get Laid
SWM seeks F for sexual release. Busy job doesn't leave time for courtship. ISO no-strings fucking. Must have flexible schedule. Come to my place, call Peter at #333333 and ask for God.

Slap My Titties
Honey colored F with long dark hair seeks bodacious M to slap 'em hard. Make me bleed. #895392

>> the Omen Abbreviation Guide! <<

| | | | | | |
|-----|------------------------|-----|------------------------|-----|------------------|
| A | Asian | G | Gay | OTK | Over the Knee |
| B | Black | H | Hispanic | OS | Omen Staff |
| BBW | Big Beautiful Women | ISO | In Search Of | P | Professional |
| B&D | Bondage and Discipline | J | Jewish | S | Single |
| Bi | Bisexual | L | Lesbian | SM | Sadism/Masochism |
| C | Couple | LTR | Long-Term Relationship | SDH | Sense of Humor |
| D | Divorced | M | Married or Male | TS | Transsexual |
| D&D | Disease/Drug Free | ND | No Drink/Drugs | TV | Transvestite |
| F | Female | NS | Non-Smoking | W | White |

Don't call, just show up at Dakin K5.

The Aristocrats

M talent agent ISO family fun. Please respond if you have: mother, father, spouse, children (all ages), dog (cats ok), excessive flatulence, heavy cummer, projectile vomit, barbed condoms, and no bladder control. #696969

Sk8r Boi Seeks Stupid Dyke

SWM ISO LF to rape. I wanna fuck you so hard your feminist shit agenda busts out your ears. #957295

Cum Bath

SWF seeks heavy cummer TVs to cover me in cum. Terminal eczema, has heard that semen is a home remedy. I need a lot. #672891

Amish Pervert

SF ISO SWM to make raunchy copulation. I want to try many things with thou in the back of my carriage. Bring something bold, such as a flashlight. Contact my messenger, Jeremiah, discreet messages only. Old Ye Proper Rd.

Slap My Titties

Honey colored F with long dark hair seeks bodacious M to slap 'em hard. Make me bleed. #895392

Where Is Madame Monya .. Now?

In Madame Monya's Nursery

Embedded In A Silver Stair

Abandoned By A Starlit Morning

I.

In Monya's Nursery

Embedded in a stair

Abandoned beneath a starlit morning

They wake and juices flow

Far off into the ambiguous night

Where nothing can touch it ever again

The day of redemption yet to come

They wait upon their sires

Wholly dependent and revealing naught

But what they do yet know

They've been left here, forced, abandoned,

Under Monya's care

She does not have enough milk to feed them all

So some of them must starve

Or fend for themselves

Till they might become cannibals

It is a shame for such innocence to be lost by such fault

Not of their own

Such a young breed so tainted and destroyed

Soon no one will be left

And it is time then to wonder

Who will replace Monya?

In Madame Monya's Nursery

Embedded In A Silver Stair

Abandoned By A Starlit Morning

II.

In Monya's Nursery

Embedded in a stair

Abandoned by the starlit morning

Madame Monya?

Madame Monya?

In Madame Monya's Nursery

Embedded In A Silver Stair

Abandoned By A Starlit Morning

III.

In Monya's Nursery

Embedded in a stair

Abandoned beneath a starlit morning

Abandoned by those whom you thought you knew

Were they your parents? Your friends? Your lovers?

It doesn't matter - they're nothing now

Madamoiselle Monya is all you now know

At over three hundred years

Monya's time is nearly up

Her hair is going thin and at ten thousand babies a day

We cannot help what time may bring

Until Madam Monya must retire

Herself successor to Madame Sonielle,

Who rests in far from peace, her being

Successor to Madam Valyn,

Who came after Jin who came after Majil who came after poor Madam

Zon

Who came after Nil who came after Ga
Who came after young miss Hazel
Not even one of them suffered a decent death

Forever embodied to torture

Their flames are forever reaching for their greatest deeds

You go in knowing you will never come back

So Madame Monya?

Are you ready to give up?

Is it better here or in Hell?

In Madame Monya's Nursery

Embedded In A Silver Stair

Abandoned By A Starlit Morning

IV.

In Monya's Nursery
Embedded in a stair
Abandoned by a starlit morningIf you knew of Monya's job
Employment by the GodsWould you foolishly try to help her?
Or would you impose yourself upon her

Asking for what you know you could never have?

Is it all just a dream?

What does Monya mean to you?

You've hidden, taken refuge in her
Where have you been hiding all these years?

Where have you been living?

You know she's only an illusion

By a new name, the same old illusion

The same old trick that your fathers fell for

And your daughters will fall for, too

The illusion will burn

But you don't have to burn with it

Let Madame Monya the stage mother
And all her kind trickery

Burn in peace.

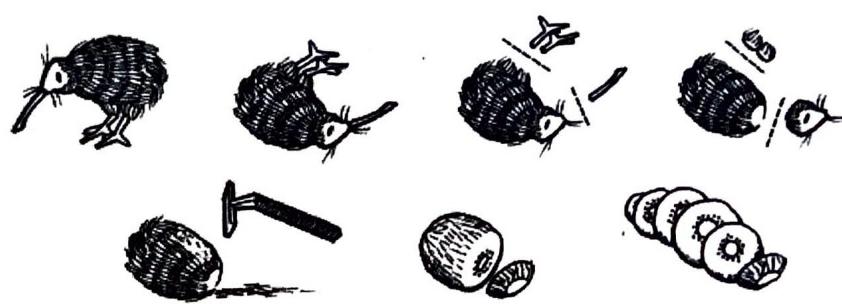
In Madame Monya's Nursery

Embedded In A Silver Stair

Abandoned By A Starlit Morning



How to prepare a Kiwi by Dave Curran (found through a google search)

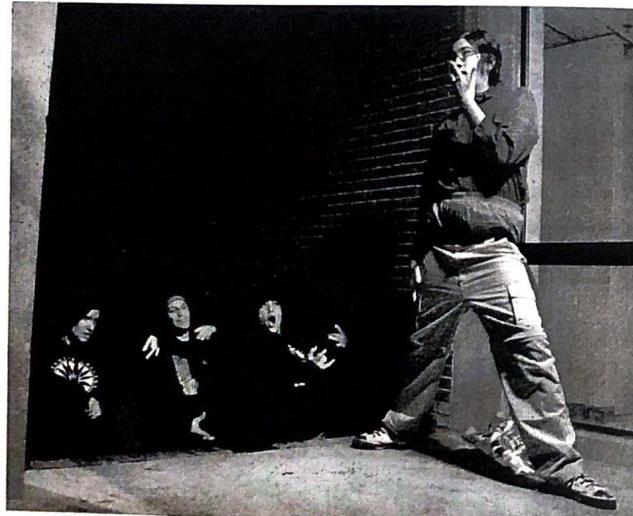


Beloved Hampshire Student “Enrique” Dead at 18, Rappers Unite Over Death

Amherst, Mass. – Rap has had a troubled history. From its foundations as the disinherited youth's way to express themselves, its morph into the underground's tool to battle the powers that be, and finally to the piece of shit that it is today – it has consistently been battling one thing or another. The most well known such event is when rival rappers Tupac and the Notorious B.I.G. were both slain by each other's “crews.” Rather than realizing that rap was slipping away as a means to battle the institutions that keep them down, the movement turned into the corporate trash it had been started to destroy. That is, until one such rapper dared to take a stand.

Enrique “Mother Fuck” Van Slyke stood out from the crowd. And in the end, that is what brought his demise.

“Mother Fuck wasn't scared of taking no shit, ya know what I mean?” Said fellow rapper, Apple Dick. “He went back to the good ol' days of singing about whitey keeping him down. Yeah, sure, he was white – but don't disrespect.



Mother Fuck performs to his die-hard fans at a packed venue. Don't be jealous of his skills.

He was whiter than most white people are. Thusly, whitey kept him down for being too white, knowwhatimean? This publication has not officially been able to verify what he means.

Enrique, the Mother Fuck, brought rap back to its foundations. He shook the very knees of the rap world. With

such hits as “Just Because I'm White Doesn't Mean I'm Not Black”, “Mom, Can I Borrow The Car?”, “Excuse Me Sir, You Seemed To Have Dropped This Forty-Dollar Bill”, “The Police Are Our Friends”, “Do You Like My Bow

Tie? I Bought It On Sale From Sears”, “Gee Willickers Katie, You Sure Are Pretty!”, and “The Chess Club Would Beat The Glee Club Any Day!”, the rap community suddenly was linked to its long buried history. A movement began behind Mother Fuck. A grassroots movement that was destined

to sweep the rap community away was in formation. It looked like the often rumored “rap messiah” was in fact Enrique. He would bring peace and prosperity to the everyday rap people. They would finally be free from the institution they had started out to fight.

But not all rappers were happy

about this. No, because some would break free from the corporations that reign control over it. Such examples of people who would stand to lose are: shit ass rappers and the corporations. And this would be the final end of Enrique. It was during his tour, Golafalooza – where he wore his trademark sweater vest; suspenders; and bow tie, that these people who feared his greatness would put him to his final resting place. He was performing to an impressive crowd of four when rival rapper Pete “Blacky McBlack Hey I'm Blacker Than You” put a bullet through his head. No matter how amazing Enrique was, his rapping

skills couldn't get him out of this one. He was dead.

Enrique was mourned for all of five minutes before someone put a 50 cent album on. Then everyone got jiggy wit it.

“Hey, I'm half black and half Puerto Rican.” Mother Fuck's friend Apple Dick said. “This had nothing to do with color. This was because Mother Fuck was bringing about a revolution to the rap world. And not only that, he refused to call women bitches or stanky ass ho's. I think that might be why they killed him. He wasn't very good.”

Upon being asked where Enrique

“Mother Fuck” got his famous nickname, Apple Dick responded, “He fucked my mom.”

Facts About Mother Fuck

Mother Fuck's Album's Sold World Wide: 2

Number Of Album's Sold To His Mother: 2

On A Scale of Whiteness, from 1 to 10: 14

Bow Ties Worn: 12

Women He Got Laid By: Apple Dick's Mother

NATE VS. PICK-UP LINES



I COULD NEVER GET THE HANG OF THURSDAYS

[A fortnightly column by Douglas Adams*]

Salutations, fanbase! This is an especially exciting week for this column, as it is the 10th column I've written for this delightful publication since beginning it last spring. And as we all know, there is nothing better than deciding to have fun just because we use a base ten counting system and a big round number's come up! I spent the majority of the past fortnight trying to decide what important, elaborate topic to discuss this special column event, but have failed to come up with something that perfectly captures the excitement of this anniversary. Also, I have been distracted by my word processing program: out of nowhere, it's started showing half-box marks in the corners of the margins. I find them distracting and I can't figure out why they started appearing or how to make them go away. I have spent more time trying to tackle this problem than any other single activity this fortnight. And so this week's column will not be quite as epic as I had originally planned, although I hope you will enjoy it. I've decided to take a leaf from televisions' book and do a clip show of past columns! Yes, it's a bit of a cop out, but these box marks are very distracting. Next fortnight I'll go back to regular type column writing despite having nothing

to say (this week I actually considered writing a column featuring poop, pickles, and spousal abuse, so perhaps you, dear reader, should be happy for

"As we all know, there is nothing better than deciding to have fun just because we use a base ten counting system and a big round number's come up!"

[by Rachel Rakov]

this cop out), and I'm sure my column next month will make up for the lack of one this month. For now, enjoy this fun romp in the past. See how many you remember!

When I thought about what I was going to write for this first column, I decided that I was going to start with a topic that was easy to write about, important enough for people to care about, and an issue on which I know many members of this community hold very close to their hearts. I am talking, of course, about England's refusal to enter the European Monetary Union. I'm going to contradict myself

here, as I have a tendency to do. As I have said, one can do anything one likes with the eternal sandwich, with the single exception of the sandwich that really has no business existing in the first place. I am, of course, referring to the B.L.T. Bacon, lettuce, and tomato. Now, I will have it known that I have nothing against any of these items individually. I enjoy crispy bacon, fresh lettuce and juicy tomatoes as much as the next non-vegetarian. I'm not even opposed to the combination of such items. No, my problem is much more deep-rooted; I do not believe that a sandwich can be made completely out of toppings.

For example – I was just about to start really getting in to writing this column when, inexplicably, 'The Ride of the Valkyries' started playing on the radio. I was so thrown off by this turn of events that I had to completely cease my writing attempt and listen to it immediately. Why on earth would a radio DJ be playing 'The Ride of the Valkyries' at 10.58 in the morning? You'd think a song like that would be reserved for some monumentous point of day, when something particularly exciting was happening. Perhaps 8pm. Interesting things tend to happen around 8pm; lots of movies start around then, as well as dinners

and various other gala occasions. Although, I suppose people wouldn't really be listening to the radio were they attending these said activities. So, perhaps, 'Ride of the Valkyries' would be best received were it played an hour or so before hand, while people preparing for these activities with a shower, a shave, and a quick change of clothes. It would certainly make one feel like he was suddenly preparing for something important, as opposed to getting ready to go to another mind-bogglingly dull dinner party hosted by friends of his wife whose names he could never remember and who had a tendency to look up at him skeptically whenever he attempted to say anything at all and who never served anything that wasn't burned beyond recognition. Listening to 'Ride of the Valkyries' might just help the poor bloke to forget that he's going to spend the next hours feeling out of place and bored.

It would certainly be better than listening to his wife remind him to compliment the hosts on their new foyer, as it had just been redone and the renovations had taken ages and hadn't been too costly and perhaps it would be a good idea to get the name of their interior decorator because it's been ages since anything's been done to this house and isn't it time that hole in the wall connecting the office and the front hall was patched up...

But I digress. See? Procrastination is a dangerous thing.

I would like to applaud the collective immune systems of the

students on this campus for their camaraderie; it's a very nice gesture, showing your immune system brethren that you support them by failing in the same manner yourself. You're clearly a very united group of blood cells, and I just want to let you know that you've proven your point.

That's a bit of a downer, though, isn't it? Are we all such terrible people, as a society on a whole, that we take immense joy in reading about someone else's spectacular failure? Well, that's what reality television in America would lead you to believe, but I don't think that's quite it, really. I think that the reason we like to read bad reviews is because of the reviewers themselves, or, rather, the language used by these reviewers.

This is going to be the first of a two-part column, because I'm going to be attempting to create some end-of-the-year extravaganza which will most likely be rather lackluster and come off more as me rambling than anything substantial. I could, I suppose, not hand in a column this week and save them both for next week, in a condensed version, but that would mean I would have missed this week's deadline, and I've been trying to avoid making the same mistakes in the après vie that I made in my former, actual life.

At some point, you reach the point where you've atrophied into a great blob of a person, full of popsicles and barbecue, and you actually start wishing for the year to begin properly again so that you can actually have something to do. And then you notice it's Thursday, so you might as well write a column so that when your editor gets back from being on holiday himself, he, for once, won't be leaving threatening messages on your telephone machine or piles of flaming dung in a brown bag by your front door. For once, I'm getting something done not only on time but early. It's uncanny. I'm not sure I recommend it.

I have only this to say to ye nay-sayers: Do you have your own fortnightly column? No. If you did, you would understand that it is difficult to come up with something to write about every two weeks, and you'd be more likely to humor me, because yet again I have managed to create a column out of and about nothing, with my editor only asking where it was once. If you'd like to counter my argument properly, perhaps you should invest in your own bi-monthly column.

And really, wouldn't you rather finish a business meeting, shake hands with your partners, and then slide out of the building than take an elevator or a set of stairs?

*The spirit of Douglas Adams is channelled by Rachel Rakov. All comments or questions can be directed to her, as well as anyone with computer experience who can get these ridiculous half-boxes to go away.



Spooky Fun For Kids!

Find the super-fun words!

Word List

HOLOCAUST
SPOOKY
BLOOD
SEVENDAYS
ZOMBIES
BROOMSTICK
BUNNICULA
PUMPKIN
EVIL
HARRYPOTTER
FANGS
DIE
CLITORIS

EE 9 AF I E FN I U M E A I O A N E H E B
L M E M H B 2 C A N O U L E C M L R Z E C U
P T M D L I E A N N N F U F P K S S O V K N
P E T Z E O E S I C G V S K F T L A B C C I
A L I E O B O K C N M S N I N I I H I P K N
T I O N P M P S N R H F L A H S C T R G M 2
A N I C D M B C U R E P H C G E S 7 E N T S
H L L S U B M I T T O T H E O M E N P L A A
T S R P L A C P E I U E T Y O M 6 B A M E I
N P H O D N T H T S U A C O L O H T G B P B
I S O O I S E O A A F M R L P H S I F S G P
E D U K N R L 9 C U E B A I G Y S K S O R C
D N C Y A U C T C I U C C K A L R L S Y L G
A O L I U K T K U R B L E D B U A R Y T I R
L V I G T A I P Z D B U N N I C U L A G L T
B H T L H N T H R R S E O T M E Y N Z H F P
A A O E G N L E N 2 V E N T E Y E U T P I E
S N R L U V L P S E N L 2 D K F T P R 2 O I
E V I L C E N I S T L S 9 T R T N H B D E E
R F S T E E L T E O G P P E L I S S S I E T
E A A T T 9 S O I A A O F U T N K P 6 F E R
H E N I S I E O 2 O L A T I C U I S F I T V
T R A 9 L O U L U C I H R T C H E S H U L N